1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SRS Bush Negroes SRS
Saramacca

AT THE COURT OF THE GRANMAN

Now it was the Granman's turn to supply the interpolations, while Kasanya and Bibifo reported.

"Yes, so it is. So I know it to be myself. So I have heard," he spoke when they paused.

But when the ceremonial greetings were over, and the conversation turned to down-river affairs, the Granman leaned forward in his chair and talked with the men informally. They were all clan members, or men belonging to clans whose allegiance to the Granman's rule was undoubted, and they talked over many things in the way men do when they meet with their own kind.

The room was growing darker. Yankuso called through the slatted wall against which he was leaning, and the young man who had fired the guns entered.

"Bassia, it is getting late. We must leave this house to the white man. These men with me are my friends. They must drink before they leave."

The bassia took the decanter from the table, and from the shelf underneath it, where we could dimly see shells and containers of shot, he took several small glasses. Before taking the glass to his lips, each man poured some of the liquor on the ground as a libation to the Earth Mother, and, as each drank, he turned to Yankuso and asked if he might leave.

"*Mi da permissi*—I grant you permission," he said to each.

When we had finished our meal, it was already dark. At the door of his own house, Granman Yankuso was sitting on a low stool.

"I have something for you," he said, disappearing inside his house. When he came out, he held in his hand some black object, which we were unable to identify. "You have fire?" he asked, as he suspended this object from a tree which grew between his house and the one in which we were staying.

"There was a white Hollander here who brought this to me. He went from here farther into the bush. He never came out. Light is a good thing at night. When visitors

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

641 over whom it was exercised. When the ancestors of the
[567] Bush Negroes were brought to New World slavery, what measure of acquiescence they showed was due to the fact that slavery was not an unfamiliar tradition to them. They knew of the war captive, or the man convicted of a serious crime, who was a slave to one of their own kind. But the experience of the white man's slavery was a crucible in which the ownership of man by man, and the unquestioning obedience which men owed to those of higher rank, were destroyed, leaving only the ideal of the life of free men. "Free!" was the way in which one Bush Negro toasted
[203] another, or a white man, when he drank with him. A "*Man Nengere*," an adult Negro was, above all, a free man, and
621 it was as a freeman that he was governed, for though villages had chiefs, and there were bassias who were subordinate to chiefs, and though above the village chiefs were clan chiefs, and over them all the Granman, yet the final word rested with the members of each subsidiary body, and not with its leader.

624 Every village had its officials, and its medium for discus-
612 sions. Every clan had its head, and its old men, who,
[614] sounding out the will of the clan members, consulted with that head when questions were to be decided. For the decisions affecting the entire Saramacca River, there were
[643] the Granman and his krutu, before whom questions of
[692] larger policy or disputes between villages were brought.

Perhaps most impressive of all was the measure of auton-
632 omy which each village had. A village, or certainly a group
614 of neighboring villages belonging to the same clan, formed
609 a small kingdom. A Bush Negro of another village who came to visit, came as any stranger, paddle in hand, his top cloth covering his loin cloth. When he found himself in a strange village on a night when a dance was being given, he did not join the dancers until after much urging by a native of that village, and then he danced little, and if he were a particularly fine dancer, he took care not to flaunt his superior gifts. The exception to this, to be sure, were the sacred dances, when a stranger, whose god came

1tHerskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

774 at the time approaching a state of possession, had provoked great anger.

"If you do not know what the Dyo-dyo is, then you are not human. Then I won't talk to you. Have you never walked and felt something in back of you, yet nothing was there? Have you never had a dream?"

The Dyo-dyo was one of two souls with which each individual was born, the old woman had later been persuaded to explain, for each man had his akra, his personal soul, which if he were mindful of it, remained with him, and allowed no evil to come to him; and each man had his [795] Dyo-dyo, his wandering soul. At death the soul which had wandered came back to the body. If it were permitted to stray once more, this soul, which had been ever restless in life, would wander about troubling the living.

796 765 But now, sitting among the women in back of the Granman's shrine, it seemed again best to admit that she knew nothing of the adyo ceremony. Fortunately, there was no outburst of anger this time, for here in the true, true Saramacca country, it was soon evident that there was a [186] pride in their magic, and their language, because these were held to be uniquely their own.

"We give a big play for the breaking of mourning." All [534] the drums were played, and the rattles sounded, and the *kwakwa*—the hard-wood bench played with two sticks—was beaten.

● [293] For this important ceremony, the oldest living brother of the dead man provided food and rum, and, when the time came to partake of this food, he and the *kri mundu*—the people of rank—sat about the doorway of the widow's house. She herself stood inside the house, behind the threshold, scattering food for the dead, and pouring rum on the [262] ground. Rice and peanuts and sugar cane were thrown away, but not yams or plantains, for those things were not given in their village to the ancestral spirits. As the widow "threw away" the food she wept. In the clearing those who did not eat danced adyo. In a circle, men and women danced in close file, one behind the other, each

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

796 796 781 787 Other cries now came to us, and from the bush a second possessed man burst into the clearing. He, too, had a machete, and he made straight for our hut. But obia did not prompt him to insist on entering, and he came close to us, gibbering in our faces, and then, stepping high as had the other, went his way to slash at our washbasins, sending one of them, that we treasure as a memory of that night's adventure, hurtling into the bush with a deep dent in its side.

From the river came renewed shouts, and some of the men dashed to the bank to jump into a canoe and paddle into the rapids, so that they might watch the possessed man who had leaped into the river to pit his strength against the fast water. On and on he swam upstream in the foaming water, as from the bank we watched his progress uneasily in the clear light of the moon. Finally obia left him, and the men in the boat seized his inert form and brought him back to shore.

796 787 When we returned to our hut, we found several others possessed. Obia had claimed six or seven, some with faces painted half white, half red, as was that of the first man, others with faces whitened, while still others had white faces with black markings. These last had Tigri, and the white was for Opete. Those who danced for the buzzard had no machetes, but went about in a circle, moving with bodies bent forward from their waists and with arms thrown back in imitation of the bird from which their spirit took its name.

One man with the Tigri face-painting took away the apinti from the drummer and placing it in the center of the clearing leaned over it and began drumming faster rhythms. Now indeed obia itself was drumming.

796 ● 273 Long before this, we had observed the amenities of the occasion. As hosts, our duty was to provide the ceremonial rum with which the spirits needed to be regaled, and our cook, holding the bottle of rum for us, filled and refilled the small glass which we offered to men and women. Some did not drink at all but poured part of the rum on the

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

ground, rubbing the remainder over arms and upper body. Some took a sip and, like the others, poured the rest as a libation to the Earth Mother. Few drank more than a little, and only the men had as much as half of the small wine glass we were using.

The bassia of Gankwe came to us. "Do not be afraid. Obia has come strong, but we have prepared for it. The men will not hurt people."

Led by him, we passed from one dancer to the next, giving to this one a sip, to that one a taste. But there was one elderly man who would not drink.

"Not until I get obia," he said, "and obia does not come to me tonight."

Not all the possessed men were slashing about with cutlasses. One man pulled up grass, eating part and throwing the rest over his head. Another in the strength of his possession uprooted large clumps of brush, and one broke off a liana of some size and wrapped it about his body, and danced with it.

Songs, dancing men, dancing women, machetes flashing in the moonlight . . . and over all the beat of the drum. This was the dance of the Kromanti obia.

Now the man who had refused a drink came up. He was trembling.

"Obia comes!" he cried. "Give me rum!"

As he tossed off the drink, he dashed toward the possessed men. In his hand was a rattle, the first we had seen at this dance. The rattle is sacred to the Kromanti, and possession can be brought on by shaking it even when there are no drums. As he danced, he supplemented the rhythm of the drums with his rattle, and his dancing surpassed in its fury that of all the others. Men kept out of his way as he dashed back and forth in his contortions, and he continued his gyrations as those with painted faces, whom obia was releasing, began to feel exhaustion.

The drums never stopped. As long as obia remained unsatisfied, they would need to play on and on. While the drummers beat the Kromanti rhythms, and the man with

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

533 faces. The drummers stop to tune to the desired pitch, driv-
796 ing in the pegs with the back edge of a bush-knife. Then they resume, rattling out a sharply insistent tempo. Women begin to sway. Some of them start a plaintive jungle song. The drums never stop.

796 A woman disengages herself from the crowd and enters
535 the open space. She bends forward from the waist at a right angle. Her arms form a circle beyond her head, saffron palms outward. She sways from the hips, her torso contorted with sinuous suggestion. Then her feet on the bare earth rap out the tempo that the brown fingers of the men are drumming on the dried skin. The others begin patting juba.

It is a false start. The woman interrupts her dance to criticize the orchestra for not playing in her mood. The crowd is not yet possessed.

Dodo, the woman *baasia*, or boss, goes about urging the women to begin. Meanwhile the bahkra slips through the
[123 crowd pouring out drinks of high wine to add to the dark
712 hilarity of the occasion. Always before drinking they will
273] spit on the ground a libation to the gods. A mother gives the rum to her seven-year-old child, who does not flinch from the burning potion.

A new tempo. Three little girls, slim in their nudity, enter the central space. The oldest is about eleven. They stand with their backs to us and begin the *bandamba* dance. The evening is on.

Standing still in the firelight, hands behind their heads, they arch their loins and raise their buttocks up and down.

/1/

Introduction

114 After having left the plantation life in the colony of Surinam,
121 [101] I went back there in the beginning of 1851 with the plan, as the result of an agreement reached by me with a Belgian firm, to send shiploads of wood to the motherland and Belgium.

[123] I undertook my journeys to the Bush Negroes for this purpose and visited most of their dwelling places, something that entailed effort and great cost, since I distributed ample presents everywhere for the purpose of thereby acquiring their confidence, which they do not readily grant to Whites.

123 At my very first encounter I took the precaution of politely
[576] greeting each one of them without distinction and shaking their
[177] hands, a practice taken over by them from the Whites in the most recent times, which assures them of a feeling of good-will such as they experience among themselves but never from a White.

[352] I spoke to them frankly and in a friendly way, sat next to them in their huts on their low stools, and partook of their meals. In short -- I lived for a while without reserve or fear among them, paying amply for everything that I enjoyed in this way or that.

[275] I also permitted them, whenever they wanted to use any of my store of beverages, such as wine, beer, brandy, and gin, to ask me for it quietly, so that I would be able to order my servants to offer them what they had requested. In addition I supplied /2/ them amply with dram (1), herbs, and lead and, in order to show

1. A kind of inland rum (sugar spirits).

generosity to the women as well, frequently gave them and the children biscuits, cake, or some coins.

[121] In the beginning they were very reserved and mistrustful, but gradually, and after some difficult years, became more open with me, so that I, adapting myself entirely to their practices, was able to carry out my plan to have the necessary wood processed by them.

123 /4 cont./
675 drink something from it or merely smell it; indeed! when it was empty, the remaining men who had not yet drunk from it or smelled it had to lick it.

I was then embraced by the headmen and many of the women; they flung the right arm over my left shoulder and the left arm under my right arm and rested their heads for a moment against my right cheek.

• [273] After the conclusion, while much dram was drunk, general exuberant gaiety prevailed, and only then was /5/ I told that they had purposely cut me first and given me a drink first in order to ascertain whether I trusted them completely or whether, so entirely by myself; I would have been afraid to submit to their wishes and to do what they demanded of me; they assured me that if I had refused to be the first, none of them would have wanted to conclude the agreement with me.

If, therefore, I had not conducted myself as they wished, I would have missed out completely on this alliance which was so highly important and profitable for me.

466 On the following day many of them came to tell me that
313 their work places on the river Cottica supplied little of the kinds of wood that had been pointed out by me for processing, but they declared themselves ready to go and process them immediately for me on the Upper Commewijne river, where they were sure of finding richer forests.

Since the last-named river was closed to them at that time by a governmental decree, I made a request for access in the year
[361] 1854, in order to be able to work with them at this river. This was granted to me, and since then a few hundred Bush Negroes have been staying there and have laid out dwellings and croplands, while they continuously, with unexampled industry, process the wood needed by me and deliver it to the sawmill.

/11 cont./

252 They always prepare their food with much native pepper (5)

5. All Capsicum species.

and in their soup or blaf cook various forest greens (6), which they

6. Kraroe, kalalve from the Amarantus oleraceus, taja leaves from an Arum species.

then eat with finely pounded bananas (called afoefoe) or else with cassava bread or rice dipped into it.

412 They make their spoons from a long strip of the calabash rind.

262 They are great lovers of pinda (7), a kind of groundnut, from

7. Arachis hypogoea L.

which they make various delicacies.

[439] They are particularly fond of bacon and buy it whenever they are in town, salted and smoked; they frequently take barrels of it with them into the bush and are very sparing with it.

/12/ They buy flour or meal only when they have had a bad rice harvest.

273 As drink they use rum or dram, and sometimes they make

[439] from the juice of the sugar cane, which they acquire on plantations, a kind of fermented drink which they use especially at festivals. They prefer gin and beer to wine, of which they are no great lovers. The women are very fond of liqueur.

276 Many men and women smoke American tobacco in short clay pipes. The taking of snuff is a passionate habit among some.

Chapter VIII

Festivals, Games, Gods

796

273 They do not have fixed times for the veneration of their gods, and they do this only then when they are amply supplied with strong drink and want to have a gay time for three or four days.

/12 cont./

796 Then they call all the neighbors together to take part in the
• 273 festivities to be held, which consist of invoking their gods amidst continuous dancing and excessive drinking.

They begin the festivities only on a Friday and usually finish on a Sunday or Monday, depending on the larger or smaller
[147] supply of drink, so, lacking this, the festival ends. After the conclusion they are usually extremely tired and listless and give themselves up entirely to rest for at least two or three days.

It is a definite requirement at these festivities to be very amply supplied with strong drink, because one must drink without
[782] interruption in order to remain in a continuous narcosis. With each drink they first pour a little on the ground, -- so that it, too, on which they find themselves so gay, may participate in their enjoyment.

[262] The merrymakers then take care that they will by no means
[577] be lacking in fish, wild game, bacon, rice, etc., since it is a matter of honor with them to display the most lavish hospitality on such occasions.

796 The gods that they worship are:

Loango Gado,
Papa Gado,
Cromantie Gado,

/13/ names certainly derived from the various African tribes of these names.

In the first two they glorify nature and everything created, from which it therefore appears that these are merely subordinate
[787] gods of the unnamed, single great spirit. The last is above all regarded by them as the mediator who transmits their wishes to the great spirit; he is invoked especially at burial ceremonies and for consultation in connection with serious illnesses.

796 They do not have any other cult or religion, so far as I was
[771] able to discover, but only the fixed habit of still celebrating to-
[132] gether and with their chief and captains on the first Friday of the new moon in the month of October or November, after the long
[783] dry period has set in for good, a great feast that has as its goal a general atonement, to cleanse them of the misdeeds that they have

Comm: Head.

/24 cont./

Chapter XVI

Manner of Traveling, and so forth

484 Their manner of traveling is very simple. Usually wife and children accompany them; very rarely do they go alone. They never take along more food provisions than they consider to be strictly necessary, in order not to have any burden of great baggage, for which their small, narrow vessels made out of a tree trunk are in any case little suited.

484 411 As primitive people they are able to withstand deprivations very well, but nonetheless they always take care to be armed when they go traveling. These hunting and war weapons consist of gun, powder, lead, bow and arrows, as well as a machete and an ax.

414 505 [501] [372] Frequently they can continue on these journeys in a small, narrow corjaal (canoe) for weeks on end; there is, of course, a great lack of comforts, but they are contented so long as they merely have a little place in the corjaal where they can maintain a flaming fire, which serves for the preparation of foods and because the Negro generally finds in it a, for him, pleasant sociability. Their journeys are not of great significance; they never extend across the sea, which is the case among the various Indian tribes.

/25/

Chapter XVII

Manner of Waging War, Ceremonies in connection with Concluding Peace and Alliance

721 War is rarely waged by or among them, but when it does take place, their conflict bears the character of a thirst for revenge, treachery, and hatred.

728 At the conclusion of peace, the subject party pledges itself to satisfy the demands of the victors, provided these are mutually judged as fair. As part of the ceremonies observed on this occasion there is also a large consumption of dram.

[273]

/149 cont./

249 pikien keeng, small variety with thin stalks; is not cut with a [719] cutter but broken off by hand; obia (1) is made from it.

1. obia = spirit medicine.

[262] switi-keeng, the ordinary variety which is most used: the stalks [263] are eaten fresh (chewed) or the juice is expressed with the wooden [407] sugar-press (ma) and boiled down to a syrup (lika) which is used in coffee or in crushed awarra (2).

2. awarra = prickly palm which supplies edible fruit.

● 273 For festivals one cuts the stalks in pieces and allows the juice to be extracted from them in water in a short korjaal (komata). This water is later heated in a pot and fermented into an alcoholic beverage (djoja).

275 Pineapple (nanási).

This is regularly grown, the shoots standing scattered on the grounds; after one year the plants produce fruit. Two varieties are distinguished:

bigi nanasi, a white variety;

indji nanasi, likewise a white variety, but sweeter.

[262] The fruit is eaten fresh. Together with sugar cane and bananas, pineapples continue to grow for a long time on the old grounds.

Papaya (papái).

Few papayas stand on the grounds, but many along the edges of the villages, where they grow into long tall trees.

[262] A long red variety is called bobi papai; a short yellow variety,
[252] papai. The fruit is eaten fresh, sometimes also boiled green.

/150/ Tobacco (tabáka).

249 Tobacco is cultivated on a modest scale in various places. The leaves are ripe for picking after 4-5 months (April to May); the man-high plant blooms after seven months with small, pink blossoms.

/171 cont./

764 Work is then resumed. Those present who are not ɔ̀ɔ̀mɛ̀, including me, are invited to throw several shovels of earth. On top of the mound are placed the papay and the objects used in the mourning, topped by the dead woman's bench. Then those present go away without haste and wash at the wharf. Several shots are again fired while the canoes go away.

The graves are spaced about 10 meters apart. The dead are not grouped by lineages; the cemetery is extended as needed, and the dead person is put in the first available spot. Thus Kotolida (Awara Bakka) is placed beside Asolida (Lapé), a hundred-year-old woman dead a few months before.

They show me the graves of village heads I have known. Diolé († in 1951), Atikati († in 1953). The mounds are already half settled down, the brush on them is as much as a meter high.

[769] One of my boatmen pours a little tafia on his mother's grave which is at the edge /172/ of the path. None of those present leaves the group to go to the grave of his relatives.

Thanking Ceremonies. On the twenty-third at eight [792] o'clock, the ɛ̀ɛ̀ti kuutu is convened and sits at the edge of the mortuary shed.

[769] The ɔ̀ɔ̀mɛ̀ and in a general way those who have worked on behalf of the dead person (only about ten remain, the others have left to work) are seated opposite the men of the dead woman's lineage.

It is always Tafanié who speaks. Béna (Dju), seated before the ɔ̀ɔ̀mɛ̀, turned toward the speaker, plays the role of respondent. Tafanié thanks all those who have worked on behalf of the dead person, detailing at length the various jobs, then citing their various lineages; he repeats the same thing in several ways and his speech is interminable. Sometimes he [793] [415] interrupts himself to put in a good joke or drink a bumper of tafia. A 15-liter demijohn is seen circulating inside the shed.

/185 cont./

965 [535] The figures are almost similar to those of the awasa dance, except that the dancers move forward stamping with the left foot.

[533] Songs follow, but entirely covered by the drum and without great musical interest.

Second day, Nov. 9. Day called pun dε ("a day is withdrawn"). No rite is performed on that day. Each one is busy with his occupations. The women pound and winnow rice.

Third day, Nov. 10. Day called lolo mata "the pestles are rolled." That day they carry to the edge of the mortuary shed pestles, wood for heating, and everything necessary for the preparation of the next day's food (1).

1. When there is a spouse in mourning, it is on that day that he is brought to the mortuary shed by the dead person's lineage, congratulated, and clothed in new garments red in color.

Fourth day, Nov. 11. Day called poti a'a uni ta a kiky pu ("to put all things into the mortuary shed").

About two o'clock the young men who have been to cut wood for heating come back in boats decorated with peanuts, in the midst of hurrahs and shots.

At three o'clock the basia circulate in the village, calling the women who appear from all sides carrying heavy baskets of cassava.

The provisions prepared for the festival are brought to the edge of the shed. Many of those present have brought a bottle [293] of tafia. The basia collect all the tafia in large demijohns. In all there will be six demijohns of 15 liters of tafia and as much cane juice.

/188 cont./

765 431 Nearly half of the tafia was brought to the mortuary shed to serve for the dances, the other half was distributed to visitors in the course of calls of personal interest that they were coming to make on the village people at home.

Béniti's three sons-in-law each gave three liters of tafia.

[613] The Boniville men belonging to other lineages each gave one liter, except the two principal basia (assistants to the grand man for the internal running of the village), Todo and Tofiom, who gave two liters each. Besides, each one kept one or two liters to offer to callers at their homes.

[613] As for the men of the Dju lo of Asisi, they brought one liter each, including the head of the lineage.

All the Boniville women and all the women of Asisi-Dju brought their contributions in the form of food.

In all about 150 adult visitors came.

765 293 One can estimate that about 200 liters of tafia were drunk, or a little more than a liter per person, which, for five days of festivities, is not enormous.

But since some drink very little, one can estimate that those most given to drunkenness drank up to three and four liters.

Inheritance

428 613 The custom of the Refugee Blacks, hostile to all that might divide the matrilineage, cannot accept the notion of a single heir entering into possession of all the property of the dead person and replacing him in his functions. This idea of the only heir considered as a substitute for the dead person, as it exists among the Bamiléké, which leads toward the individualization of one line within the lineage, can be regarded as the extreme opposite of the thought of the Refugee Blacks.

/198 cont./
167 794 old woman of 90, A..., who died in Asisi in January, 1957. Having lived with Creoles in her youth, she had come back to live in her native village for at least 30 years and had never given occasion for any unfavorable remark. Nevertheless, upon her death it appeared that she had wisi.

791 829 199 Attitude toward Christianity. The Refugee Blacks, who are acquainted better than one might believe with the conceptions of the populations in the midst of whom they live, have a clear feeling of the relationship which exists between their metaphysical and moral conceptions and those of Christianity. They think they worship the same god as the Christians, in a completely different way but just as sound. They have no animosity [799] whatever toward the Catholic and Protestant clergy, and most of them agree willingly to wearing crosses or medals. But they have not the least intention of abandoning their beliefs for that. They do not perceive the contradiction and do not understand that people might want to oblige them to choose.

851 171 Like the Creole gold miners, they attach great importance to baptism, considered as an obia protective against the dangers of the bush. On Christmas, 1957 they were strongly impressed 165 799 by the accidental death of a Djuka Christian living at the Kotika school. He refused to observe mourning for his wife [688] according to the custom of the Refugee Blacks, and used to go [203] to drink in the cabarets of the Creole villages. On Christmas [784] evening, when drunk, he drowned himself. That was attributed to a suprahuman punishment. We heard /199/ the following reflection on this subject: "He was baptized and he drowned himself just the same. That is therefore not worth the trouble."

61 581 571 Actually, the matrilineal structure of the Refugee Blacks and their conception of marriage form an irreducible cleavage, which appears immediately as soon as one leaves the metaphysical conceptions to pass to the plane of practical living.

/205 cont./

346 794 787 613 The objects placed in these chapels are simply the clothing, beverage, and tools of the gods when they come to visit men; they correspond nearly to what the Refugee Blacks leave in a farming habitation where they go to work regularly. For [293] example, in the Papa gadu ɔsu of the Awara Bakka quarter of Asisi, which serves for about 15 gods, each one has a definite place on the shelves to lay out especially the scarf which serves it as a garment and a bottle of beer (a bottle is always kept in readiness by the bearer of the god) (1).

1. The Papa gadu do not like tafia. If the usual bearer of one of these gods has drunk tafia, it cannot come into him.

[534] They still stow the Papa dɔ̃ drum in this chapel. This drum, like the chapel itself, is believed to belong to the Papa gadu god which first came into a member of the lineage to exercise the kunu. In the example mentioned of the Awara [428] /206/ Bakka lo of Asisi, in 1957 it was the centenarian grandmother Kuiuba who had borne this god since her youth, having herself received it, by several successive transmissions, from a distant ancestress.

[621] In villages like Boniville and Papalston where fragments of lineage of entirely different origins coexist, each has its own organization.

For example in Boniville there is a Papa gadu ɔsu for the fragment of the Lapé lineage (it belongs to Térésa whose god exercises the kunu on this lineage). The fragment of the lineage has another.

In Papalston the Tolna (Bakabuchi) lineage, reduced to half a dozen persons, has a Papa gadu ɔsu of its own.